

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1850.

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TERMS:

THE POST will be published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable within three months from the time of subscribing; \$2.50 in six months—or \$3 if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year.

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THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1850.

A CARD.—A letter of Miss Harriet Webster has been published, and has gone and is going the rounds of the newspapers, contrary to her expectations and consent. The letter to which it was an answer was from a town in New Hampshire, and from a person wholly unknown to her or to her family. The letter contained strong expressions of sympathy and kindness for Dr. Webster and his family, &c., and requested an answer. Gratitude, as well as politeness, dictated an answer, of which she and her family regret the publicity. Those papers which have published it are requested to insert this Card.

Cambridge, April 17, 1850.

ANOTHER STEAM BOAT EXPLOSION.—Accounts from Cincinnati of the 23d inst., inform us that the boiler of the steamer *Belle of the West*, which left Cincinnati for St. Louis, with a number of California emigrants, exploded near Warsaw, about 1 o'clock in the morning, and one hundred lives are reported to have been lost.

GOLD AND GRAVES.—The N. O. Crescent says: "A gentleman who has just returned from California, having been absent from the States about fourteen months, states that when he reached California, curiosity led him to visit a graveyard, where he found only eleven graves; nine months from that time he followed the last remains of a friend to the same graveyard, and during the time intervening between the two visits there had been no less than *fourteen hundred* persons interred in the same yard. With these facts before us, can we wonder why it is that so many of us are disappointed in not receiving letters from friends who have left our firesides on an adventurous visit to a country where both 'fortunes' and 'graves' are made with such extraordinary rapidity?"

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—The New York Tribune says: "The editor of the Jeffersonian, a Free-soil Democratic paper at Bangor, has been cowled by the wife of the publisher of the Democrat, of that city, for an ungallant, and, as is stated in the Bangor Whig, a false and scurrilous charge against the lady who administered the punishment."

NEWSPAPERS IN TEXAS.—The Congressional Journal justly remarks: "It speaks well for the people of Texas, that already thirty one newspapers have been established, two of which are religious, and are weekly disseminating intelligence through that thriving State. This is precisely the number of papers published in New Hampshire, which has been settled above two hundred years."

FOOLISH OPINIONS.—There is an immense variety of foolish and erroneous opinions which pass current for genuine truths among a great majority of mankind; that a man has one rib less than a woman; that there is a certain Jew still alive, who has wandered through the world since the crucifixion of Christ; that the coffin of Mahomet is suspended in the air between two load-stones; that the city of Jerusalem is in the centre of the world; that the tenth wave of the sea is greater and more dangerous than all the rest; that all the animals on the land have the corresponding kinds in the sea; that there is a white powder which kills without giving a report; that the blood of a goat will dissolve a diamond; that all the stars derive their light from the sun; that the candle made of human fat, when lighted, will prevent a person asleep from awaking, with many other similar unfounded positions, are regarded as indisputable truths by thousands whose adherence to tradition and authority, and whose intolerance and credulity prevent them from inquiring, with a manly independence, into the true state and nature of things.

Why is an old toper like a spring rain? Because it is a *zonker*.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, April 20.

Benton and Foote.—The Northern papers generally take strong ground upon the subject of the late fracas in the Senate. Some of them demand the expulsion of both of the parties, and others are only severe against Mr. Foote. That Mr. Foote grossly insulted Mr. Benton on former occasions, there is no doubt, and, if expelled it should be on that account. In his speech on Wednesday, he had commenced a personal invective. But Mr. Benton first appealed to force. He said that, if the Senate would not protect him, he would bring a cudgel and protect himself—cost what it might. If he had reached Foote, the latter would have been crushed, without a chance to draw a pistol. That was the reason that Foote left his place for the aisle. It was to avoid Benton's clutches and get a chance to draw a weapon for defence. Benton says that Foote, had he stood his ground, could have shot him, without endangering any one, but after going into the aisle, he could not fire, without firing through a crowd who intervened. But Benton was close on Foote before the latter perceived his movement, and there was not a moment for drawing a pistol. It required some agility to get out of the way. After Foote had reached the area fronting the Chair, it was fully to draw a pistol which he could not use, and which there was no occasion to use. When the subject comes before the Grand Jury, to which Mr. Benton has appealed, it will be proved that Mr. Benton was the aggressor—that is to say—that, after threatening personal violence, he actually resorted to it, and approached towards Foote in an excited and menacing manner, and with an intent to strike him. That was the opinion expressed by Gen. Dodge, who endeavored to prevent him from making the assault. I do not see that Mr. Foote has committed any offence of which the Grand Jury can take notice—by drawing a pistol when there was use for it, and then immediately giving it up. It is fortunate that the affair was not a bad one. If Foote had been a minute before prepared, he would have awaited the impending assault and fired on the assailant. Others would then have become involved in the affray, and there are those who have strong sympathies with Benton. It is to be hoped that the Senate will not, like the Arkansas Legislature, be made the theatre of violence and bloodshed.

WASHINGTON, April 21.

The compromise committee, appointed on Friday last, have already had a meeting, and seem to have agreed on the following: 1st. To report a bill for the admission of California, and the establishment of territorial governments in Utah and New Mexico. 2d. They report a separate bill for the settlement of the Texas boundary, by a liberal compensation to that State. 3d. To make such amendments to the law of 1793, for the recovery of fugitive slaves, as shall afford security to the South. 4th. To abolish the slave trade in the District of Columbia by extending the laws of Maryland over it. Little or no doubt is entertained but that all these bills will pass both Houses by respectable majorities. In regard to the Texas boundary, it is not yet decided whether that matter will come up in a separate bill, or whether, as a kindred subject, it will be included in the bill for the admission of California and the establishment of territorial governments in New Mexico and Utah. Should a separate bill be introduced, the committee, out of respect for the oldest Senator, will probably recommend the passage of Mr. Benton's bill. To-morrow is fixed upon for an argument on parliamentary usage between the oldest Senator (Mr. Benton) and "the Nestor" of the Senate, (Mr. Clay.) I rather think that wisdom will triumph over age, though Mr. Benton has entrenched himself behind four *quarto* volumes which he has committed to memory.

TAKE THE PAPERS.—Why don't you take a paper, friend? Hardly a week passes in which you do not throw away from one to five dollars, and yet, when you want to read the news, you are compelled to go to your next door neighbor and borrow. Subscribe today!

In the upper part of New Hampshire the snow has been about five feet deep all winter, and they have good sleighing there now.

FIRE IN ATLANTA, GA.—Letters received in this city, mention the occurrence of a fire in that place. The Ware Houses of Mr. A. W. Wheat, with all the goods contained therein, were burnt down. His books and papers were saved. One letter mentions that two white men and three negroes, were taken up on suspicion of being the incendiaries.

A LUCKATIVE OFFICE.—The office of Post Master at San Francisco, is probably the most lucrative office in the gift of the Government. There are about 1,000 boxes, which are rented at \$2 per month, for each occupant; some of them being held by six or eight different individuals. The rents are estimated at \$35,000 per annum.

Young ladies are like arrows—they can't be got off without a beau.

'PITY HIS FAMILY.'

A man falls into embarrassments, which ultimately overwhelm him in bankruptcy or drive him into roguery and crime. He was yesterday respected, influential and supposed to be affluent, and his family were treated and treated themselves accordingly; but to-day he is disgraced and steered clear of—without resources or prospects—very likely in prison and exposed to ignominious punishment. "Vile wretch!" say the million; "it is good enough for him, but we must pity his poor family!"

Certainly, we must pity them—pity all who suffer—still more all who sin and suffer. They need pity, and there is no danger that we shall pity them too much. But the impression conveyed of the innocence of the fallen man's family and their unmerited exposure to want and ignominy, is often very far from the truth. In fact, half the men who are loathed as dragging down their families to shame and destitution are really themselves dragged down by those families—driven to bankruptcy, shame and crime by the thoughtless and basely selfish extravagance of wife and children. Let a man be in the way of receiving considerable money, and having property in his hands, and his family can rarely be made to comprehend and realize that there is any limit to his abilities to give and spend. Fine dresses and ornaments for wife and daughters; spending money and broadcloth for hopeful sons—costly parties every now and then, and richer furniture and more of it at all times—these are a few of the blind drains on the governor's means which are perpetually in action. "O, what's a hundred dollars to a man doing such a business?" is the indignant question in case of any demerit or remonstrance on his part. Not one of them could hear to disgrace him by earning a dollar; they couldn't go out shabbily dressed, for fear his credit would suffer. They can't see how a man who can get discounts in Bank need ever be short of money or stung in using it. All his talk of difficulties or hard times they regard as customary tales, intended to scrimp their drafts on his purse or enhance their sense of his generosity. When it is so easy to fill up a check, why will he be hogging! Let him give fifty dollars to any philanthropic object, or invest five hundred, however safely, in any attempt to meliorate the sufferings of the Poor, and they now see clearly that he has hoards of gold, and can just as well give them all dresses and jewels as not. Thus the man of means or of business is too often regarded by his family as a sponge to be squeezed, a goose to be plucked, an orange to be sucked, a spring to be drunk from when thirsty without at all diminishing its flow. The stuff is there in profusion—the only trouble is to make him give it up.

In vain he remonstrates—implores—puts down his foot. He cannot be eternally contending with those he loves best—he wants quiet at home in order to mature his plans and perfect his operations. If he resists importunity, the pumps are set going, and what man can stand the April showers of feminine sorrow? He gives way at last and throws down the money demand. Hoping that some great news by the next steamship, some turn of luck in his business, will make it up to him. Perhaps it does, and he floats on; perhaps it don't, and this last feather has broken the elephant's back. The end, however near or distant, is morally certain. Treated all ways as a mine to be opened at will, he finally grows desperate and rushes into reckless speculation or blasting crime, and is overwhelmed with ruin. "Selfish villain!" say the ignorant crowd; "how could he run such a career? How we pity his family!"—No doubt of it! But if you knew more perhaps you would pity him.

THE WEBSTER CASE.—It is stated in the Boston papers that Mr. Clifford, Attorney General of Massachusetts, proposes to reply to the strictures, which have appeared in the several papers as to the manner in which this trial was conducted. This vindication, by Mr. Clifford, of the prosecution, will be looked for with interest, as it no doubt will contain statements which may throw light upon many things connected with the trial, which we think, require explanation and remove prejudices and doubts which exist in the minds of many persons in regard to this matter.

Mrs. Ireland and daughter, of Quincy, Illinois, came to an awful death by freezing and starvation on the mountains during the past winter. They were on their way to California. The wife and daughter, with the full knowledge of their situation, and after they had burnt up their wagon for firewood, insisted upon the husband and father leaving them to their fate, and seeking his own safety. The Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye says: "We almost shuddered when our informant told us he did so."

"LOOK AT HOME."—This very pertinent reply to those who are inquisitively prying into the domestic affairs of others, has more force than is usually ascribed to it. A great amount of the troubles and contentions which distract society arise from neglecting this great fact. Those who are so busy looking at the faults of others, have no time to correct their own, and wrongs grow into great magnitude under their very noses, while they are lamenting over distant evils which do not afflict or concern them. How much better would the world be, if each individual were to set about a strict examination of his own conduct, and test by the same rigid principles which he applies to the conduct of others! How much more free from abuses would be that community, which has as diligently searched out its own evils, and was as zealous to correct them, as it is those which it imagines to exist a hundred or two miles off. That philanthropy must be a spurious article which overlooks things claiming its notice immediately around it, to see objects only worthy of its attention when far off. If each individual and community were to try the experiment, and look at home, we think that, no matter how great their moral and religious reputation, there would be found some deficiency that might be corrected, some evil which could be remedied; and thus vigilance now exercised in fruitless efforts to accomplish a doubtful good, would partake of a practical character, from which effects the most beneficial to society would follow.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

The gloomy night is breaking,
Even now the sunbeams rest,
With a faint, yet cheering radiance
On the hill tops of the West.

The mists are slowly rising
From the valley and the plain,
And a spirit is awaking
That shall never sleep again.

And ye may hear, that listen,
The spirit's stirring song,
That surges like the ocean,
With its solemn bliss along.

Hail can we stay the Rivers,
Or bend the wings of Light,
Or bring back to the Morning,
The old departed Night?

"Nor shall ye check its impulse,
Nor stop it for an hour,
Until earth's groaning millions
Have felt its healing power!"

That spirit is progression,
In the vigor of its youth;
The herald of oppression,
And its armor is the Truth.

Old Error with his legions
Must fall beneath its wrath;
Nor bound, nor tears, nor anguish,
Will mark its brilliant path.

But onward, upward, Heaven-ward,
The spirit still will soar,
Till Peace and Love shall triumph,
And falsehood reign no more.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in this world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindred love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Not your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

If a man be sincerely wedded to Truth he must make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin, and he must take her for himself alone. The contract, too, must be to love, cherish and obey her, not only until death, but beyond it; for this is an union that must survive not only death, but Time, the conqueror of Death. The adorer of Truth, therefore, is above all present things. Firm in the midst of temptation, and frank in the midst of treachery, he will be attacked by those who have prejudices, simply because he is without them; despised as a bad bargain by those who want to purchase, because he alone is not to be bought; and abused by all parties, because he is the advocate of none.

The "Albany Knickerbocker" man "doe's like to see a young lady pounding upon an old piano in the parlor, while her mother is washing down stairs, and her little brothers and sisters are running about with dirty faces and torn clothes."

SETH TINDER'S FIRST COURTSHIP.

Seth Tinder was, perhaps, the "cutest, critter," in some things that ever calculated the success of a notion expedition; and he was among the first of his genius that ever strayed, on such an expedition, to the far west.

Seth was remarkably cute at driving a bargain—that was an innate propensity; Seth was inquisitive, and frequently looked into hall doors and peeped into kitchen windows—that was Yankee human nature; Seth winked at the girls—that was an acquired habit; he resolved to possess one—that was a calculation. Now, this winking at the girls, when performed by a handsome individual, is looked upon as a matter of course; but Seth was so notoriously ugly, that his wink was an outrage, and his overtures of love perfect atrocities. His short, bow-legged figure was flatched with the most obstinate bunch of curly hair that ever hid defiance to hair's oil; and the windows of his mind, as the eyes are poetically styled, appeared to be looking intently at the tip of his nose, as if apprehensive that ere long it would burst into a blaze. A kind of half-burnt prairie, garnished his chin, which would have made a *jeune* looking gutter, if Seth could have transplanted it all to one spot; but there lay the difficulty, for though cute at driving a bargain, he could make none with nature—she made him ugly without his consent, and wouldn't agree to any alteration. Seth nevertheless, would wink at the girls.

His first tender effort was made upon the heart of a German butcher's fair, fat, rosy daughter, whose round cheeks and well-fed form was, to his eye, the very perfection of female beauty. No artificial making up about her—no exterior padding—it was all done naturally, on the inside. As she luxuriated upon the door steps of an evening, Seth would linger and wink and grin all sorts of affection, but like all bashful swains, hesitated about coming to close quarters. He had inhibited the erroneous opinion, that all true hints to drag his innamorata into a secret treaty, was a failure. At length, he ventured in a desperate manner up to the door step and whispered hurriedly:

"Look out—comin' in set up with you to-night—round the back way—over the fence—be a waitin'!"

"You'd better pe ketch'd," was the fair one's rejoinder, accompanied by a malicious laugh, which Seth interpreted as an approving one.

The darkness of the night favored Seth's clandestine notions—it was just the thing for a nocturnal visit; therefore, agreeably to notice, he made his appearance at the fence, round the back way. Leaping over the barrier, he ventured to sound a cautious "hi," which was immediately answered by a low "wou-uh." That must be Dutch for "come," reasoned Seth, and straight he mounted the fence; but a politician never took an easier seat on the same line of division than he enjoyed, on the present occasion, for no sooner had one pedal extremity reached the other side and placed him fairly astride, than a remarkably savage dog seized the intruding member, with a fierce "wou-ugh wou-ugh."

"Go-out, you blasted critter," shouted Seth.

"Wou-ugh-ugh!" roared the dog. A struggle ensued, in which Seth, unfortunately, fell on the wrong side. The right side in which he reached terra firma, offered him the dog a change of grip, and like a skilful sentinel, he seized the advantage and Seth's seat of honor at the same time. Our hero sprang neatly erect, with a howl more like his antagonist than any human noise, and a desperate struggle, mingled with strange cries, aroused the dozing butcher from his pipe, and the fair cause of the disturbance from her knitting.

"Some man rascal after der sausages in der smoke house!" was the butcher's first exclamation; the rosy daughter smiled assent, and "aram and out," was the work of an instant. They found their trusty sentry hauking all Seth's efforts to retreat over the fence, and keeping him "a waitin'" when he would have given worlds to leave. The reinforcement made at him with whip and broomstick, and this terrible odds aroused him to superhuman exertions; with a "muzzler" he floored the Dutchman, and his pipe, charged the flinty hearted daughter, captured her broomstick, beat a parley with it on the dog's head, and retreated over the fence with "flying colors!"

The Legislature of Virginia, at its recent session, passed laws appropriating, on the part of the State, \$2,339,850 towards works of internal improvements. Of this amount, \$244,900 were owned by the State; \$1,102,425 for the States' subscription to internal improvement stock companies; and \$983,000 as guarantees of the State on bonds of companies.

Fun is the honey of existence—the wise will extract it from every circumstance of life.

WOMAN AND THE DIFFERENT RACES.

In "An Investigation of the Natural History of Man," by Frederic Wm. Van Amringe of New York, the author shows the broad and striking distinction between the white and dark races in their treatment of Woman. He states the great and impressive fact, that the dark races, numbering nearly 750,000,000, universally hold woman in a state of bondage and degradation, while the white race, numbering some 250,000,000, alone allows woman to approach her proper sphere, by acknowledging the marriage contract, paying deference to her influence, and promoting her intellectual culture. He also shows that the descendants of Shem alone experience any benefit from female influence upon society; that among all the dark races, with very few and unimportant exceptions, polygamy universally prevails; and that in the relations of the sexes, in all the dark races, the sentiment of love is entirely wanting.

A lady was asked to join a division of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied, "it is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the Sons soon."

A Good Hit.—Theodore Parker says, "Mr. Facing-bothways is a politician in America, just now, sitting on the fence between Honesty and Dishonesty, and like the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament, belonging to neither dispensation."

The Mississippi, of the 29th ultimo, records the death of Samuel Stamps, Secretary for the State of Mississippi.

We learn also from the N. O. Picayune that Horace S. Coley, Secretary of State for the State of Illinois, recently died in that city, which he had visited for the purpose of recruiting his health.

Never tread on the tail of a cat, or tell a woman she is not handsome, unless you are fond of music.

MATRIMONIAL MAXIMS.—No woman should marry under twenty, nor over forty. From twenty-five to thirty is the best age. The husband should be from five to fifteen years older than the wife.

Ladies should manifest an utter abhorrence of boy beaux. By boys, we mean lads from sixteen to twenty, who, having no business and no mind of their own, ought to be set down as vain, idle, love-sick, sentimental, poetry-reciting, good-for-nothing fellows. It is sheer waste of time, and, therefore, wicked in any woman to encourage them.

The Bangor Whig states that in the valley of the Black-stone river from Pawtucket to Milbury, a distance of 30 miles, there are 115 Cotton and Woollen factories, besides 6 large Machine Shops, two large Axe factories, and three extensive Scythe works, giving a total of 123 manufactories. Many of these are very extensive, the largest Woollen and Cottons Mill in the United States being among the number.

Profanity and politeness never associate together.

The "learned Blacksmith" says: "Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers, with all its shipping, steamboats, railroads and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of darkly grouping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age, boys like you, assembled in your school rooms, or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe me, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession.—the Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, Men of the Future, all are boys, whose feet, like yours, cannot reach the floor, when seated on the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages."

Account from the west state that the peach buds in Ohio, (except along the lake shore) have been killed by the winter. In north Illinois not only have the buds of the peach been destroyed, but the cold has been so severe as to destroy the trees. In the central and western parts of New York the peach and apricot buds are stated to be uninjured.

The York (Pa.) Advocate says—We are informed by several farmers, that there will be hardly any peaches this year, on account of the trees being frozen in the wood.

"Boy, why don't you go to school?" "Because daddy's trad it I learns everything now, I won't have any thing to learn when I comes to go to the cademy."